

# Good Morning 586

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## JUDGES ALSO 'FORGET'

IT is easy enough, often enough, to say what the criminal in the dock forgot; yet I have sometimes wondered, as I observed the legal processes of the Law, if judges didn't sometimes forget things, too.

There is, of course, the Appeal Court, which is supposed to set right any "legal error" which a judge of the lower court may commit. But the Court of Criminal Appeal is

**STUART MARTIN** has written much about what the criminal forgot—here he turns to the judges and reveals the queer and dangerous lapses of which they are sometimes guilty.

comparatively new, and even then...

A judge, after all, is not in the same position as one whom he sentences. There is no method by which a judge can be "sentenced" for an "error."

Before the Appeal Court was established we had nobody to stand up to any "Bloody Jeffries."

I fear I am treading on very debatable ground here. I know there is such a condition as contempt of court, but I can't help thinking that many of the books written about the cases handled by judges have been written by men connected with the legal profession or by friends of the judges.

I am tempted to give you two judgments, two contrasts, and you can work out what you like from them. I could give you more, but two will suffice, and, anyway, both judges are dead and can't answer back.

The first is that given by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, who has been called a "giant among his brethren." One commentator has stated that "his flights of oratory were such that one felt one was listening to a Cicero or a Demosthenes," and that he had no peer for his "zeal, talent, eloquence, charm of manner, courteous bearing, prodigious memory, and perfect tact."

Cockburn, in the spring of 1877, went specially down to Taunton Assizes to try the Yeovil case. Four prisoners, George Hutchings, his two sons, Giles and Peter, and Charles Baker, were charged with the murder of a policeman named Nathaniel Cox.

The prisoners all belonged to East Coker, a small Somerset village, and it was said they were poachers.

On the night previous to Yeovil Fair they were driving a cart in a country lane when they met and passed Constable Cox. He wished them good-night, and they answered with a similar wish.

The story of the four men was that they were going to Dorchester to bring back a horse to sell at the Fair. It started raining, and as they entered another lane some time later they were met by Cox and another policeman, Stacey. The latter ordered the cart to stop.

A free fight started, and Stacey's police staff was broken and Cox met his death by kicks and blows.

The four men evaded arrest for some time, but were at last found in a farmer's hayloft.

It was a sensational case, for the police alleged that the prisoners were not going to fetch a horse, but were on their way to Melbury Park (belonging to Lord Ilchester) to take deer or game.

Among the witnesses for the prosecution was the public analyst of Somerset, and when he was called, Justice Cockburn asked what he was brought to say.

The police replied that the analyst was going to give expert evidence about a hair found in the toe of Charles Baker's boot. The presumption was that Baker had kicked the constable on the head.

"Surely," said the learned judge, "the witness is not going to identify this single hair as one of the hairs belonging to the head of the murdered man?" (notice the judge said "murdered")—"I refuse to admit this evidence. It would be unsafe. Unless this gentleman has examined the hair of every animal God has made, I fail to see how his testimony can be valuable!"

Fancy that—from a Lord Chief Justice! Not a few single hairs have influenced trials since then!

His summing-up is worth recording, too. He said that every law-abiding citizen had the right to use the highway unmolested, and that the police had no right to stop the cart without reasonable grounds of suspicion, and that the person thus stopped had a right to use reasonable violence to proceed.

He made it quite clear that in this case the police were the aggressors, therefore a verdict of murder would be unsafe, and that the crime must be labelled manslaughter.

The jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter obediently.

Now the sentence, in the judge's own words:—

"For manslaughter, so closely on the borderland of murder, penal servitude for life must follow. I am not going to pass that sentence on you, but one of weary, weary years of servitude. . . . The sentence on each and all of you is that you be kept in penal servitude for the term of twenty-four years."

When the judge finished, the prisoner Baker asked permission to speak. He said that the old man Hutchings had nothing to do with the fight; he had been driving the cart and knew nothing of what happened until he (Baker) and the two sons joined him.

Whereupon the Lord Chief Justice said: "I will communicate with the Home Secretary, and probably the old man will be spared the punishment which awaits you."

The old man ultimately got a "free pardon." He lies in a grave next to that of Constable Cox.

And now let us hear the second judgment, which is something of a different kind. It was delivered by Mr. Justice Maule in the case of a labourer who had been charged with bigamy.

The labourer had had a wife who treated him very badly, and he thought she was dead. He did not wait for the (then) necessary seven years to take another.

"Prisoner at the bar," began Justice Maule, in passing sentence, "you stand convicted of the atrocious crime of bigamy. You say your first wife treated you badly, and I believe she did, but you had no right to take the law into your own hands."

"You had the noble profession of the law, which they represent, to turn to."

The judge pointed to the solicitors' table in court.

"You should have consulted," he said, "one of those bald-headed gentlemen down there, and they would have given you very little satisfactory advice."

"They would have referred you to some of the gentlemen in the long wigs and gowns down there."

The judge then pointed to the barristers' bench.

"I am bound to say these gentlemen would have run you up a pretty bill of costs, and the case would have been decided against you, no doubt."

"By this time your expenses would have run into hundreds of pounds, but you would have been advised by these gentlemen to carry your case to the Court of Appeal, and I don't think even there you would have fared any better, except that the bill of costs would have been about trebled."

"I think the Court of Appeal would have been against you. You would then have had the final resort to the noble House of Lords."

"Prisoner, you have not chosen to take the advantages which the Law has placed within your reach. You are liable to be transported for life."

"I order you to be imprisoned for one day, which means your immediate release—and I congratulate you on the line of conduct you have taken."

The court was aghast, but the labourer went free, slightly stunned with the rigmarole he had heard, but gradually becoming clear that the judge had condemned law costs.

Now, think out these two verdicts and come to what conclusion you like.

As for me, when I first compared them, my mind went back for some reason or other to that great lawyer, Lord Erskine, who, in the time of George IV, formed a military corps of legal men, and paraded them, in full uniform, in Hyde Park.

The King was out this day, and, with Lord Erskine, saw the corps march past.

"Who are the men forming that regiment?" asked the King. "What is the name of them?"

"Sire," replied Erskine, "they have no name yet. They are a corps I have just formed, made up of lawyers."

"Ah," said the King. "In that case call them the Devil's Own."

And that is how the regiment got its name.

Not so bad for George IV.



## GREETIN'—Ldg. Cook Sid Gander

WHEN we called at Playstow Cottage, Capel, Dorking, Leading Cook Sid Gander, and found no one in, we thought our mission for you had failed. A young lady came by who turned out to be your sister-in-law Joe, who was going for a walk to the post-box with Wiskey.

She told us your wife, Edie, was down at Nan and Grandad's, and when we arrived there, we found your wife and young Nigel were both looking very well.

Nigel, who talks very plainly, told us he had a lovely Christmas party, at which there were Auntie Daffy, Auntie Joe, Pam and Billy Brooker,

Jill Packman, the Griffiths family, Mr. and Mrs. Mack, and last, but not least, Nan and Grandad.

He had a game of ring-a-ring-a-roses, musical chairs, and Squeak, Piggy, Squeak, and everyone had a jolly fine time, and their only wish was that you were there to complete the fun.

Uncle Pat was on seventeen days' leave over Christmas, and Uncle Bern is in Greece, and, as usual, wangled himself some very easy billets.

Your wife says she has a lovely lot of odd jobs about the house, and suggests if you were there you might take shoe cleaning as a start.

All at Taylor's Cottage, and your wife, send their love, and a special big hug from Nigel.

## HOME TOWN GOSSIP

THERE was quite a to-do at Goodbody's Restaurant, Mutley Plain, Plymouth, when, during the lunch hour one busy Saturday, 17 of the waitresses and kitchen staff collapsed like ninepins.

They had been "knocked out" by an escape of gas from a street main which had been fractured by severe frost.

Six of the girls were detained in hospital.

Customers who smelt a "whiff" ate their meals hurriedly and left, but the staff stuck to their posts until the collapses began, when the cafe was cleared. Three ambulances and two doctors were rushed to the scene.



"I know I ought to 'ave lowered my shaving mirror in the first place, doc! But y'know 'ow one keeps puttin' these things off!"

**PROPHECY.**  
PLYMOUTH has decided to hold a Victory Pageant in aid of the Prince of Wales' Hospital.

The date will be "sometime next June."

Sounds like a prophecy!

**DIRT, 9/6 A CWT.**  
WEST Country greengrocers have been complaining about having to pay high prices for dirt.

It is quite common to find 10lb. of earth in a 56lb. bag of carrots, and one man had a generous "helping" of 20lb. the other day.

This left him with 36lb. of veg., which he had all the trouble of weighing up to sell at a loss. The dirt cost him 9s. 6d. a hundredweight!

**FILBERTS.**  
THE Christmas nut ration didn't work out so well in many Cornish villages.

One shopkeeper at Menheniot said that his allocation was so small that to distribute the nuts equally among his customers he would have to cut them in two!

**SPORTSPALACE.**

AFTER the war Cardiff is to have its great Sports Palace. And the man who will do the organising of the big shows, from boxing tournaments to ice hockey, will be Tom Davies, who has been appointed full-time Holidays at Home and Recreation Superintendent at £600 a year.

Tom organised the first holiday camp in this country in 1921.

Before coming to Cardiff he was organiser of physical training at Llanelly. He was trained in Sheffield and Silkeborg (Denmark) Physical Training Colleges.

## Notes on Marriage for Tel. Ken Perry

DO you remember, Telegraphist Kenneth Perry, what your girl was always doing when you called for her at her home in Jilleott Road, Sheldon, Birmingham? Washing her hair.

Well she was still washing her locks when "Good Morning" called on her one evening.

But she wouldn't let us get a picture of her over the wash-bowl. "He'll see enough of that when we're married," said Eileen.

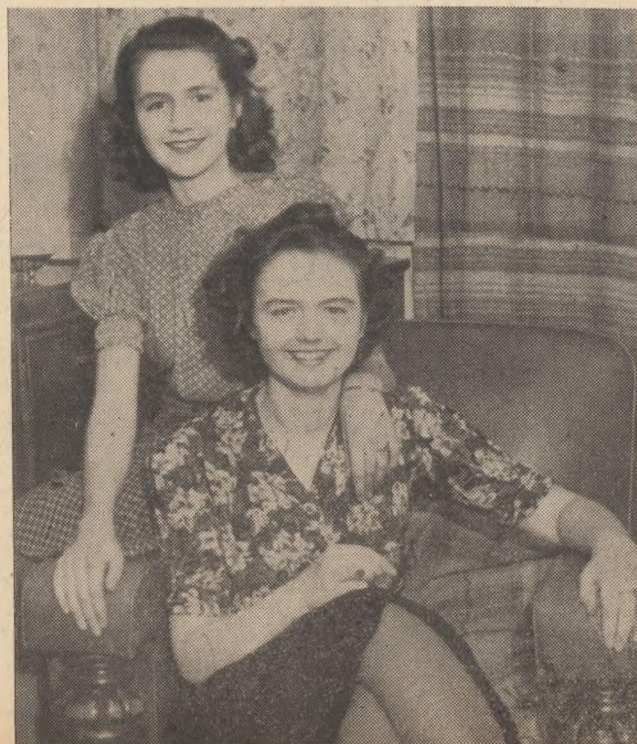
"Married?" shouted your pa-in-law-to-be, "Why, he hasn't asked me yet. But he's a good lad, and I'll say yes when he does."

Eileen has to register for war industry. She doesn't like that. Baby Lesley kept saying to us "Uncle Ken is on the water," and she is always picking out ships in pictures and babbling about you.

Mr. Albott said young Doreen is still a terrible flirt, and Bing Crosby is her heart throb.

There was a scramble for the mirror, combs and powder boxes when we told Mrs. Albott's two daughters that we wanted their picture. They wanted to look at their best for Ken.

Eileen sends her love and heaps of kisses.



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# "For all my Worldly

Concluding THE WORLD AND THE DOOR. By O. HENRY

## Goods, I Thee Forsake"

MRS. CONANT received her roll of newspapers at four o'clock. The boy was late in delivering them, because he had been deflected from his duty by an iguana that crossed his path and to which he immediately gave chase. But it made no hardship, for she had no letters to send.

She was idling in a hammock in the patio of the house that she occupied, half awake, half happily dreaming of the paradise that she and Merriam had created out of the wrecks of their pasts. She was content now for the horizon of that shimmering sea to be the horizon of her life. They had shut out the world and closed the door.

Merriam was coming to her of the house at seven, after his dinner at the hotel. She would put on a white dress and an apricot-coloured lace mantilla, and they would walk an hour under the coconut palms by the lagoon. She smiled contentedly, and chose a paper at random from the roll the boy had brought.

At first the words of a certain effect that his cruelty toward looked into space through a down the coast, senora," he

The largest type ran thus: "Lloyd B. Conant secures divorce." And then the sub-headings: "Well-known Saint Louis paint manufacturer wins suit, pleading one year's absence of wife." "Her mysterious disappearance recalled." "Nothing has been heard of her since."

Twisting herself quickly out of the hammock, Mrs. Conant's eye soon traversed the half-column of the Recall. It ended, thus: "It will be remembered that Mrs. Conant disappeared one evening in March of last year. It was freely rumoured that her marriage with Lloyd B. Conant resulted in much unhappiness. Stories were not wanting to the

poison, was found in a small medicine cabinet in her bedroom. This might have been an indication that she meditated suicide. It is supposed that she abandoned such an intention if she possessed it, and left her home instead."

Mrs. Conant slowly dropped the paper, and sat on a chair, clasping her hands tightly.

"Let me think—O God!—let me think," she whispered. "I took the bottle with me... I threw it out of the window of the train... I—there was another bottle in the cabinet... there were two, side by side—the aconite—and the valerian that I took when I could not sleep... If they found the aconite bottle full, why—but, he is alive, of course—I gave him only a harmless dose of valerian. I am not a murderess in fact. Ralph, I—O God, don't let this be a dream!"

She went into the part of the house that she rented from the old Peruvian man and his wife, shut the door, and walked up and down her room swiftly and feverishly for half an hour.

Merriam's photograph stood in a frame on a table. She picked it up, looked at it with a smile of exquisite tenderness, and dropped four tears on it. And Merriam only twenty rods away!

Then she stood still for ten minutes, looking into space. She

side of the door was the building steamer loading with cinchona and dyewoods. She sails for San Francisco to-morrow at sunrise. him. So says my brother, who arrived

She saw herself go into a department store and buy five spools of silk thread and three yards of gingham to make an apron for the cook. "Shall I charge it, ma'am?" asked the clerk. As she walked out a lady whom she met greeted her cordially. "Oh, where did you get the pattern for those sleeves, dear Mrs. Conant?" she said. At the corner a policeman helped her across the street and touched his helmet. "Any callers?" she asked the maid when she reached home. "Mrs. Waldron," answered the maid, "and the two Misses Jenkinson." "Very well," she said. "You may bring me a cup of tea, Maggie."

Mrs. Conant went to the door and called Angela, the old Peruvian woman. "If Mateo is there send him to me." Mateo, a half-breed, shuffling and old but efficient, came.

"Is there a steamer or a vessel of any kind leaving this coast to-night or to-morrow that I can get passage on?" she asked.

Mateo considered. "At Punta Reina, thirty miles

in his sloop to-day, passing by Punta Reina."

"You must take me in that sloop to that steamer to-night. Will you do that?"

"Perhaps—" Mateo shrugged Mrs. Conant took a handful of money from a drawer and gave it to him.

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. A tocher is a borrower, Jewish biscuit, bull's horn, Scotswoman's dowry, freshwater fish?
2. Who was buried at Cornunna—and where is it?
3. What is the difference between a gherkin and a jerkin?
4. What is the record time for the Land's End to John o' Groats cycling race?

5. Who wrote "Journey's End"?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Gramophone, Radiogram, Microphone, Wireless receiver, Electric bell, Buzzer.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 585

1. Fleece of wool.
2. Louisiana.
3. Six states.
4. Greenland.
5. A belt of semi-desert in western U.S.A.
6. Shrimp is a crustacean; others are molluscs.

## I get around

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



ANOTHER retirement from Westminster is announced in the "Evening News."

Professor A. V. Hill, distinguished scientist, who sits for Cambridge University, has made up his mind to retire at the next election. "I have enjoyed the House of Commons," he says, "but I must now get my brains functioning again. I haven't used them for five and a half years."

He is 58—tall, white-haired, with bright, very light blue eyes. "As I have only the remainder of one life to live," he says, "I must get back to my scientific work as soon as possible."

He intends to give up all his public activities—and he has a good many. The most important of them is his membership of the War Cabinet Scientific Advisory Committee (he has been very largely responsible for a good deal of the research work on radiolocation).

"Engineers, scientists and doctors are conspicuously lacking in the Commons," he said. "And as for the House of Lords—science, I think, has been represented principally by Rutherford and Kelvin."

In case you are out of your depth with all this election talk, I add an explanation.

An election is when some of the over-twenty-ones go to school and mark a paper to decide on the local M.P. It is an old practice, but was given up when most of us were too young to remember.

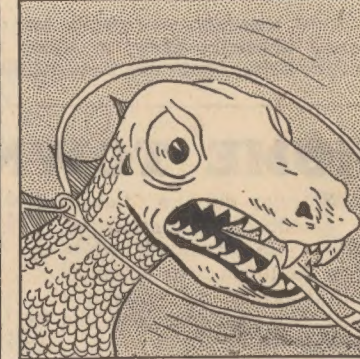
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DURING the first six months of the liberation of Europe (June 6-Dec. 5 inclusive), Press messages totalling more than 46,500,000 words were transmitted from London by Cable and Wireless, Ltd., to all parts of the world.

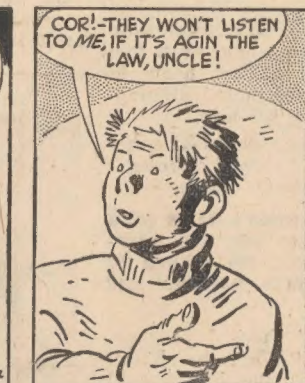
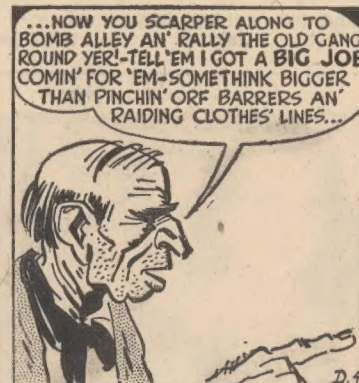
Nearly 6,950 photographs were transmitted by wireless to more than a dozen receiving terminals in the British Empire and foreign countries during the same period.

My, my! The Censor sure must have been busy!

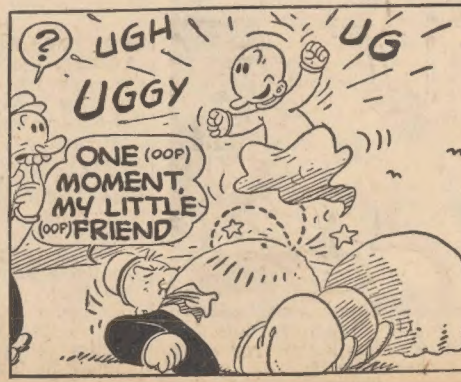
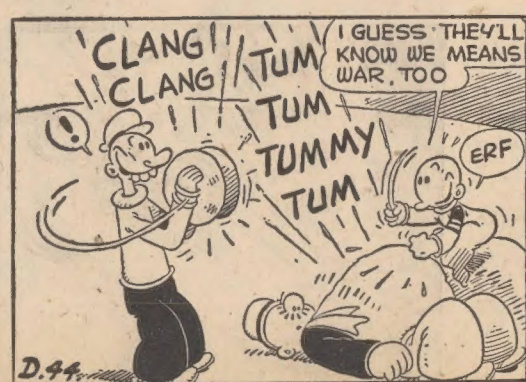
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





# WANGLING WORDS—525

1. Fill in the missing letters and make a common word: C\*M\*I\*A\*I\*N.
2. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BULL into GOAT, and MEAT into CAKE.
3. What English county has RS for the exact middle of its name?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 524

1. Notwithstanding.
2. COLD, cord, corn, born, barn, warn, WARM; COAL, foal, fool, food, ford, fore, FIRE.
3. WorCEster.

# JANE



# THE WORLD AND THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 2)

"Get the sloop ready behind the little point of land below the town," she ordered. "Get sailors, and be ready to sail at six o'clock. In half an hour bring a cart partly filled with straw into the patio here, and take my trunk to the sloop. There is more money yet. Now, hurry."

For one time Mateo walked away without shuffling his feet. "Angela," cried Mrs. Conant, almost fiercely, "come and help me pack. I am going away. Out with this trunk. My clothes first. Stir yourself. Those dark dresses first. Hurry."

From the first she did not waver from her decision. Her view was clear and final. Her door had opened and let the world in. Her love for Merriam was not lessened; but it now appeared a hopeless and unrealisable thing. The visions of their future that had seemed so blissful and complete had vanished. She tried to assure herself that her renuncia-

tion was rather for his sake than for her own.

Now that she was cleared of her burden—at least, technically—would not his own weigh too heavily upon him? If she should cling to him, would not the difference for ever silently mar and corrode their happiness?

Thus she reasoned; but there were a thousand little voices calling to her that she could feel rather than hear, like the hum of distant, powerful machinery—the little voices of the world, that, when raised in unison, can send their insistent call through the thickest door.

Once while packing, a brief shadow of the lotus dream came back to her. She held Merriam's picture to her heart with one hand, while she threw a pair of shoes into the trunk with her other.

At six o'clock Mateo returned and reported the sloop ready. He then she did not falter in her decision. Quickly she invented into the cart, covered it with a plan by which she might speak to him, and yet make her departure without his knowing. She would walk past the hotel, ask someone to call him out and talk a few moments on some trivial excuse, leaving him expecting to see her at her home at seven.

She unpinned her hat and gave it to Mateo. "Keep this, and wait here till I come," she ordered. Then she draped the mantilla over her head as she usually did when walking after sunset, and went straight to the Orilla del Mar.

She was glad to see the bulky, white-clad figure of Tio Pancho standing alone on the gallery.

"Tio Pancho," she said, with a charming smile, "may I trouble you to ask Mr. Merriam to come out for just a few moments that I may speak with him?"

Dusk had quickly followed the short twilight. Mateo led her by dark and grass-grown streets toward the point behind which the sloop was anchored. On turning a corner they beheld the Hotel Orilla del Mar three streets away, nebulously aglow with its array of kerosene lamps.

Mrs. Conant paused, with streaming eyes. "I must, I must see him once before I go," she murmured in anguish. But even then she did not falter in her decision. Quickly she invented into the cart, covered it with a plan by which she might speak

to him, and yet make her departure without his knowing. She would walk past the hotel, ask someone to call him out and talk a few moments on some trivial excuse, leaving him expecting to see her at her home at seven.

She unpinned her hat and gave it to Mateo. "Keep this, and wait here till I come," she ordered. Then she draped the mantilla over her head as she usually did when walking after sunset, and went straight to the Orilla del Mar.

Tio Pancho bowed as an elephant bows.

"Buenas tardes, Senora Conant," he said, as a cavalier talks. And then he went on, less at his ease:

"But does not the senora know that Senor Merriam sailed on the *Pajaro* for Panama at three o'clock of this afternoon?"

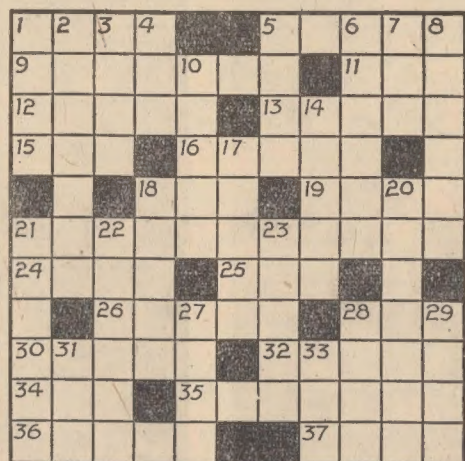
THE END.

## ALEX CRACK

Harassed Carpet Salesman (appealing to husband): "You won't beat this, sir."

Wife: "You'll pardon me—he will if I want him to."

# CROSSWORD CORNER



## CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Horse.
- 5 Man from U.S.
- 9 Oval.
- 11 Self.
- 12 Friendship.
- 13 Hate.
- 15 Go quickly.
- 16 Big spoon.
- 18 Cheat.
- 19 Peer.
- 21 Rewards.
- 24 Flag.
- 25 Sea-bird.
- 26 Swarms.
- 28 Rabble.
- 30 Robust.
- 32 Cornish City.
- 34 Devon river.
- 35 Author's income.
- 36 Waterside plant.
- 37 Headland.

## CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Pile.
- 2 Relief official.
- 3 Shear.
- 4 Equipment.
- 5 Chief.
- 6 Warm again.
- 7 Past.
- 8 Ethics.
- 10 Wall support.
- 14 Windswept.
- 17 At right angles to ship.
- 18 Melted.
- 20 Tell as news.
- 21 Wealth.
- 22 Joined at right angles.
- 23 Discoloured.
- 27 S. Australian lake.
- 28 Beast of burden.
- 29 Youngsters.
- 31 Chopper.
- 33 Flowed.

F LAMBS BAD  
ABOVE OKAPI  
MOLAR FENTS  
ENLIGHTEN U  
B LEE PEGS  
BOB DAM ROE  
ONUS VAT V  
M LIBERATES  
BILGE BLARE  
ARENA LORNA  
YET TRENT L

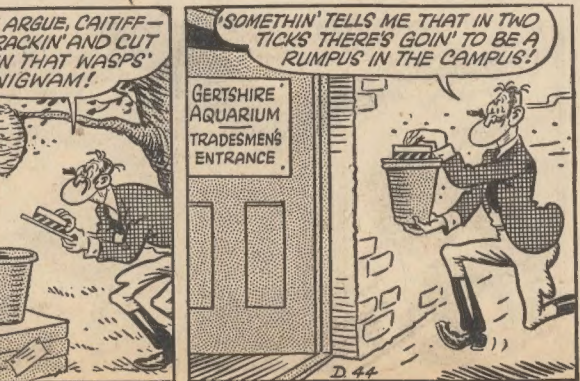
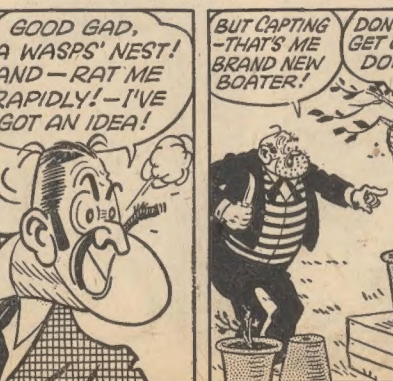
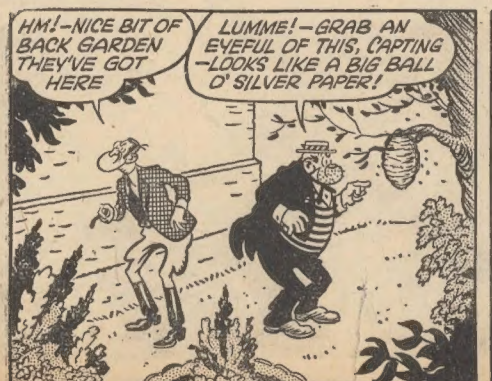
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## PHIZ QUIZ

Made her bow to the public as a "Smart Girl," and has been pretty smart ever since. When she sings, strong men cry like babies.

(Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 585: Henry Hall.



## TO-DAY'S STAR

### Stephanie Bachelor

STEPHANIE BACHELOR, lovely Republic/ British Lion star, made her theatrical debut when she was 14 years old, playing in George Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion" in Detroit, her home town.

Blonde and green-eyed, Miss Bachelor was a protegee of Jessie Bonstelle, of the Bonstelle Dramatic School, and played leads in productions there for two years before she became a model and radio actress in Detroit.

Her radio experience has included the dramatisation of books on a book review programme broadcast in America and Canada. The charming young actress has also appeared in such successes as "The Man Who Came to Dinner," "Personal Appearance," and "Glamour Preferred," while a member of a road show.

It was during an appearance in San Francisco two years ago that Miss Bachelor was "discovered" by Hollywood. The road show company finished a tour in the Californian city just at the time a film studio was searching for new faces. The actress was taken to the film capital and tested for the part of Princess Nivana in "Lady of Burlesque." The test was successful and she was given the part. Since that time she has appeared in three pictures, including top supporting role in Republic's "Man From Frisco"—it was this portrayal that earned her a Republic contract—and her latest picture is "Port of Forty Thieves."

In her time off-screen Miss Bachelor is interested in studying psycho-analysis and in writing mystery novels.

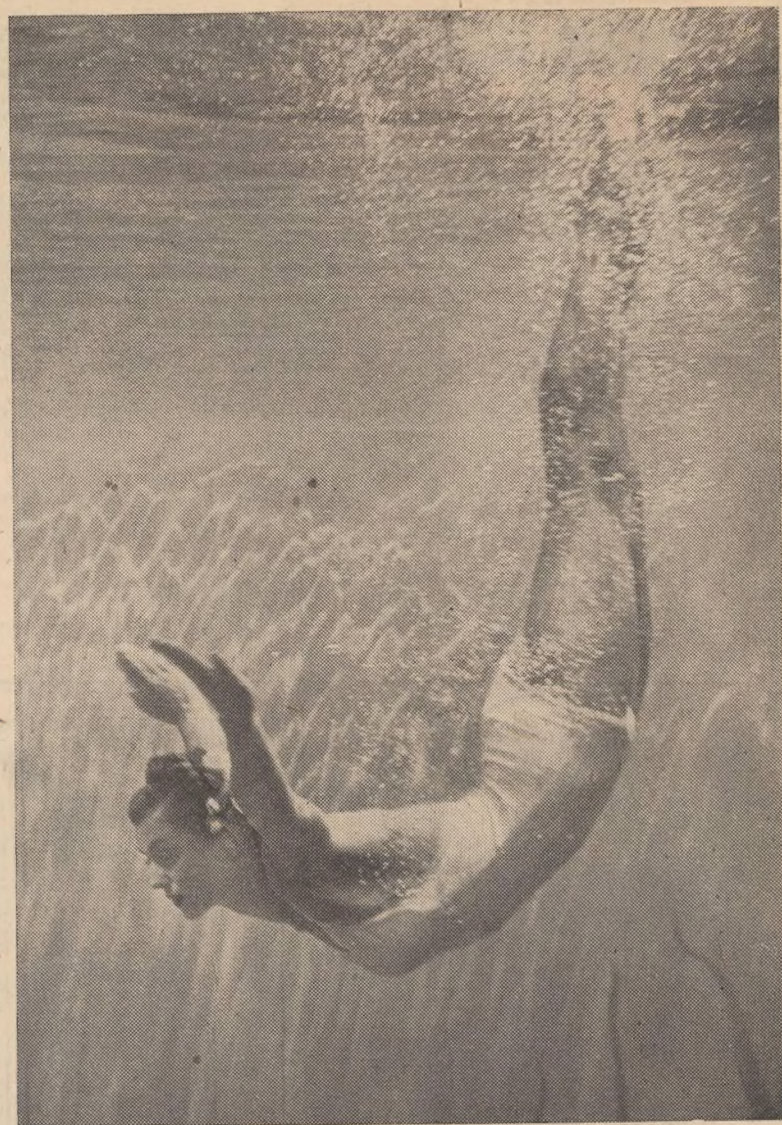
She collects crinoids, which, to the uninitiated, are the petrified vertebrae of prehistoric animals. She is an expert fencer, and likes designing and making fine lingerie.

Dick Gordon



**Good  
Morning**

# Lumme! It's E.N.S.A.'s Show for Submariners!



Stooge around, sailors, this is going to be good! It's Esther Williams, M.G.M.'s one-woman submarine, putting on an ocean-bed ballet for youse guys. She dives to a depth of ten feet (whether she blows her tanks first, was something we didn't ask her!) and remains submerged for 23 seconds at a time. Her diving outfit consists of layers of skin oil, a richly lubricated lipstick, vaseline-coated hair, lambs' wool earplugs, and a skin-like shield over the tip of her nose. Oh, yes, we forgot—and a silk swim suit!

